By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Woman Hater" and "The Black Sheep"

TRIS STARTS THE STORY

Jammy Challoner, club man, dependent on Junde from an elder brother, gastionately in love with Capacita for an actives. She brother, gastionately in love with Capacita for gastionary and cannot bear to be my dearly in desperation, rushes your financial in desperation, rushes your financial to Christine Wyatt, his of the start of children place, Jimmy proposes marriage to Christine. Mad with mention of the start of the start of Cynthia, he tries to make himself of the start of the star

them quickly away.
"Den't talk about him; I don't want
talk about him."

it Gladys persisted.
i isn't too late; you all over again by "It isn't too late; you can have the fill the all over again by starting afresh and trying to wipe out the past. You're so young. Why, Jimmy is only a boy, you've got all your lives before you. She got up and went around to where Christine was sitting. She put an arm about her shoulders. "Why won't you forgive him and start again? Give him Christine pushed her away; she start-

up with burning cheeks.
"You don't know what you're talking out. Leave me alone—oh, do leave "You don't know what you're talking about. Leave me alone—oh, do leave me alone—oh, do leave me alone." She ran from the room.
She lay awake half the night thinking of what Gladys had said. She tried to harden her heart against Jimmy. She tried to remember only that he had married her out of pique; that he cared nothing for her—that he did not really want her. As a sort of desperate defense she deliberately thought of Kettering; he liked her, she knew. She was not too much of a child to understand what that look in his eyes had meant; that sudden pressure of his hand on hers. And she liked him, too. She told herself defiantly that she liked him very much; that she would rather have been with him over at Heston that afternoon than up in town with Jimmy. Kettering at least sought and enjoyed her society, but Jimmy—
She clenched her hands to keep back

ny— enched her hands to keep back-ing tears that crowded to her hat was she crying for? There thing to cry for; she was happyhorning to cry for; she was happy—
thappy; she was away from Jimmy
hap from the man whose presence
only tortured her during those last
days; she was home—at Upton
se, and Kettering was there when—
she wanted him. She hoped he
did come for the morning again; that
could come quite early. After breakshe wandered about the house rest-Would come in the morning again; that would come quite early. After breakast, she wandered about the house restable, listening for the sound of his car in the drive outside; but the morning larged away and he did not come. Christine ate no lunch; her head tehed, she said pettishly when Gladys suestioned her. No, she did not want o go out; there was nowhere to go. Gladys did not know what to do; she was hoping and praying in her heart sholys did not know what to do; she is hoping and praying in her heart it Kettering would do as she had ded him and stay away. What was good of his coming again? What is the good of his making himself lispensable to Christine? The day passed wretchedly. Once is found Christine huddled up en the a crying; she was so miserable, she abed; nobody cared for her; she was lonely, and she wanted her mother. Gladys did all she could to comfort.

sobbed, nobody cared for her; she was so lonely, and she wanted her mother.
Gladys did all she could to comfort her, but all the time she was painfully conscious of the fact that had Kettering walked into the room just then there would have been no more tears.
Sometimes she thought it only served Jimmy Challoner right; sometimes she told herself that this was his Dunishment—that Fate was fighting him with his own weapons, paying him back in his own coin; but she knew such thoughts were mere foolishness.
He and Christine were married, no matter how strongly they might resent

and Christine were married, no atter how strongly they might resent. The only thing left to them was to ake the best they could of life. She sat with Christine that night till a girl was asleep. She was not very uch Christine's senior in years, but she it somehow old and careworn as she at there in the silent room and listened the girl's soft breathing.

She got up and went over to stand bee got up and went over to stand be-

her.

o young, such a child, it seemed imsible that she was already a wife,
sirl ly'ng there with her soft hair
ing all about her.
ladys sighed and walked over to the
dow. It must be a great thing to be
ed, she thought rather sadly; nobody
ever loved her; no man ever looked
her as Kettering looked at little
listine.

* She opened the
dow and looked out into the darks.

she would have done a great deal to get hem happy together.

It was for that reason that she now spoke of him.

"When are you going to London, the second of him.

"When are you going to London, the second of him.

"Christine looked up; she flushed.

"Going to London! I am not going to I never want to go there any more."

"I never want to go there any more."

"Gladys made no comment, she had beard the little quiver in the younger girls voice. Presently:

"I suppose you think I ought to go to!" suppose you ware hinting that it it is "I suppose you are hinting that it is "I suppose you are hinting that it is "I suppose you are hinting that it is "I suppose you ware hinting about me-that that he cares nothing about income the would be giad if I were dead and out he would be giad if I were dead and out he would be giad if I were dead and out he would have you want his freedom: "You don't know what I went through you don't know what I went t

"Angry!" He laughed a little. "Why ever should I be angry with you? * * I—the fact is, I've been in London on business."

"Oh!" She looked rather skeptical; she raised her chin a dignified inch. "You ought to have told me," she said, unthinkingly.

He looked at her quickly and away again.

"I missed you," said Christine naively. "That is very kind of you," There was a little silence. "May I—may I walk a little way with you?" he asked diffidently.

"If you care to."

He checked a smile. "I shall be quighted," he said gravely.

They set out together.

Christine felt wonderfully light-hearted all at once; her eyes sparkled, her checks were flushed. Kettering hardly looked at her at all. It made him afraid, because he was so glad to be with her once whore; he knew now how right Gladys had been when she asked mm not to come to Upton House again. He rushed into conversation; he told her that the weather had been awful in London, and that he had been hopclessly bored. "I know so few people there," he said. "And I kept wondering what you were—" He broke off, bitting his lip.

"What I was doing?" Christine finished it for him quickly. "Weil, I was sitting at the window most of the tings, wondering why you didn't come and see me," she said with a laugh.

"Were you—"

She frowned a little; she looked up at him with impatient eyes.

"What is the matter; I can feel that there is. You are angry with me; you—"

"My dear child, I assure you I am not. There is nothing the matter except, perhaps, I am a little—worried and—and unhappy."

He laughed to cover his sudden gravity. "Tell me about yourself and—and Jimmy. How is Challoner?"

He had never spoken to her of Jimmy before; his name had been tacitly unmentioned between them.

Christine flushed; she shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know; he wasn't very well last week, but I dare say he is all right now." Her voice was very flippant. In spite of himself Kettering was shocked; he hated to hear her speak like that; he had always thought her so sweet and unaffected.

"He ought to

enjoy it."
"I don't think he would; he hates the "I don't think he would; he hates the country." She spoke without looking at him. "I am sure that he is having a much better time in London than he would have here—" She broke off. "Mr. Kettering, will you come back and have tea with me?"

Kettering colored; he tried to refuse; he wanted to refuse; but somehow her brown eyes would not let him; somehow—

how——
"I shall be delighted," he heard him-"I shall be delighted," he heard himself say.
He had not meant to say it; he would
have given a great deal to recall the
words as soon as they were spoken, but
it was too late. Another moment and
they were in the house.

(CONTINUED TS OBROW)

(CONTINUED TS OBROW)

THE GUMPS—Fore!



Quite Right! SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Quite Right!

MADE THAT HOLE IN EIGHT-WON'T COUNT THOSE LAST TAM - OWT CARELEGSHEES By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. MISS OFLAGE, IT'S I AM WORKING FOR TOO BAD TO DISTURB A LITTLE CHANGE !

-AND I SAID, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT, DO YOU? AND HE SAID HONEST I MEAN IT, I'LL PROVE

OUR HERO HAD DARK BROWN CURLY HAIR AND DEEP BLUE EYES. HIS CRAVAT WAS OF A SOFT GREEN COLOR AND . (ETC)

YOU BUT HOW ABOUT LOOK AT MY BUSINESS! DON'T YOU PAY ENVELOPE! THINK YOU OUGHT TO WORK A LITTLE FOR A CHANGE? D E-HAYWARD -15

The Young Lady Across the Way But still he was vaguely disappointed in her; he thought she ought to have come—just to see low Jimmy really was.

But Christine was not thinking very much about Jimmy in those days at all. Somehow the foreground of her life seemed to have got filled up with the figure of another man; a man whom is she had never once seen since that drive over to Heston.

Sometimes she thought she would walk the way in which she knew she could always meet him, but something restrained her.

And then one afternoon, quite unexpectedly, she ran into him in the village. He was coming out of the little postoffice as she was going in, and he puiled up short with a muttered apology before he recognized her; then—well, then they both got red and a little flame crep into Kittering's eyes.

"I thought I was never going to see you any more," Christine said rather a nervously. "Are you angry with me?"

"Angry!" He laughed a little. "Why ever should I be angry with you? ""

"Angry!" He laughed a little. "Why ever should I be angry with you? ""

"Angry!" He laughed a little. "Why ever should I be angry with you? ""

"Oh!" She looked rather skeptical;

By Fontaine Fox Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties " QUICK ZEB! FORE SHE WAKES UP! DRIVE ON TO THEM SCALES AND WE GIT HER EXACT WEIGHT QUICK! aunt Eppie has always refused to be weighed and it tree a sore disappointment to everybody when she woke up just as

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS us bo cow BUT ITS BETTERN SCHOOL LE'S BUILD THE SCHOLARS

By Sidney Smith



HER MOTHER MUST BE A ESKIMO - OUGHTER BE ASHAMED TO SEND] HER OUT LIKE THAT

Zet White had agreed to drive her on to the Scales





"CAP" STUBBS—Grandma's Got a Great Idea of a Voyage



By Edwina